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to roast. 'Let's ask riddles,' intervenes Khiebe. 'Here's one: Riddle-me-riddle-me-ree (*thaiii*), the witches are dancing on the thorns.' 'Stupid,' scornfully rejoins Mudumi. 'We all know that one. Hailstones, of course, for they bounce as they fall on the grass.' After pondering a moment he challenges: '*Thaiii*, the ox of my father has entered the pool, I remain holding its tail.' Roars of derision issue from the rest, 'A porridge-twirler,' they answer almost all together. The spiked head of a twirler is like the horns of an ox; it is thrust into the pot of water, while one holds it by its handle. 'Here's something you don't know,' comes from Mudumpani. '*Thaiii*, the nest of the water bird hangs down over the pool.' The company is silent, then there are some guesses, but it is beyond them, and they give it up. 'The eyelashes, of course,' says Mudumpani, 'because they hang over one's eyes.' Once the ball starts rolling, riddles follow one another in rapid succession. 'The babbling of a brook' turns out to be a calabash cup, for down its long handle beer gurgles as you drink; 'They always stand looking at each other' are the doorposts of a hut; and 'The chief entering the crimson (muddy) pool' is sunset. It is impossible to capture the poetry of these riddles; you cannot render their alliteration or play upon words in English. But it is clear that these youngsters are well versed in them. The time when riddles are most popular is, however, when a wedding party is present and the young people have to entertain them in their hut. On such an occasion riddles provide a mild form of competition between the two parties, that of the bride and that of the groom.

The men have retired to their huts, whence they will not reappear. The women have eaten the evening meal informally round the fires and are just chatting. In a hut three girls are sitting by candlelight, one of them, who has been to school, writing a love-letter for her friend to her lover in town. 'Why are you throwing me over?' she asks. 'Why don't you write? Please send me a nice cloth and a blanket, but not one like that which you gave your wife!' In another hut some children have persuaded Mamujaji, an elderly woman, to tell them tales. She begins, '*Dgano-Dgano* (a story, a story).' They reply, '*Dgano*.' 'Once upon a time,' she continues, but before she gets further they again interject, '*Dgano*.' Then she goes on, 'There lived a boy who had sores all over his body.' '*Dgano*,' they repeat whenever the speaker hesitates or takes breath. 'One day when the girls went to fetch grass. . . .' This is the beginning of a story about a bird who gives away the girls who kill the boy. A marked characteristic is the frequent occurrence of a song and refrain, during the telling of the tale, in this case, '*Phogu, Phogu ya Uorwa*, &c. ('Bird, bird of the south'), so that what with the interjections and singing of the chorus of the refrain, the listeners appear to take as active a part in the story as the narrator herself. At the end of each tale there is a long-drawn-out '*Dgaaano*' and all spit into the fire. In the small villages of to-day story-telling has almost completely died out. Where there are only one or two present a story loses most of its charm, and there are many young men and women who know practically no stories, more particularly among Christians, whose parents prefer them to learn their lessons rather than tell them stories.

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than the chief wife, plays little part in a man's life; she is merely a female relative to whom a certain amount of respect and attachment is due. Often a woman's son marries daughters of several of her brothers. It is, however, only to the daughter of that brother who used her cattle that she has a right—has, as the Lovedu put it, an 'entrance' to his village.

In view of the position of sisters and brothers later in life, one would not expect great familiarity or freedom between them during their childhood. Brother and sister may talk freely to each other, but if they rollick together their parents will stop them. Hence the riddle, 'What is it that is at hand and yet beyond reach?' (*Kha ntsita khi e ma?*) The answer, 'The breast of my sister,' refers to the playful catching hold of the breasts of girls by young boys, which is taboo in case of a sister. In strong contrast to the free, yet proper, relationship between brother and sister stands the joking relationship between cross-cousins. Derived from the brother-sister relationship is that of the father's sister, who is accorded honour and respect by the children of the house she has established. The term *khadi* is used loosely to denote either father's sister or eldest sister, for it is the eldest sister who will take over the religious functions of the father's sister after her death.

A well-marked characteristic of Lovedu society, one that clearly distinguishes it from the strictly patrilineal Zulu, Xhosa, and Pondo, is the importance of the mother's side of the family. Nothing of interest or importance takes place without their presence; even at the annual harvest beer offerings given to the gods on the father's side, relatives on the mother's side, who are not concerned in the religious aspect of the ceremony, will be present for the beer and social amenities. Important in maintaining close links between a man and his mother's relatives are the bonds of interdependence between the families of a brother, and the sister whose cattle he used. The sister's son is a potential son-in-law, who will be accorded great honour in the household of his mother's brother. A man's mother may also be the *khadi* who has to go and make offerings in the mother's brother's household, and in her absence her son might officiate for her. Later, when a man is engaged to his mother's brother's daughter, there will be gifts of beer from the girl's family. They are thus bound together by a variety of links.

But the greatest of all bonds between a man and his mother's side of the family is conceived by the Lovedu to be one of love. There is a saying, usually quoted by women, '*Wa nnna u sme; wa rare gi mabahataka*,' which, freely translated, means, 'Love lies on the mother's side of the family; ownership on the father's'. One's relationship with the mother's side of the family is modelled on that towards a mother and is much influenced by the petting and spoiling received at the hands of the maternal grandmother, with whom most children spend a few years of their life, generally soon after the birth of a younger brother or sister. Every child recalls with delight the good time he had when at his mother's brother's village with his mother's mother; how she treated him to tit-bits, how she scolded or beat only her son's children if her grandchildren quarrelled and fought. For, it is said, a woman loves her daughter's children (who only come on visits) far more than those of her

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present. Here was a legitimate human interest—not merely the idle curiosity of a European or the recording of customs that might end in police intervention.

The kin share your joys and sorrows, give support in your hour of need and advice in the affairs of life. When you are in trouble and have to pay a fine which you do not possess, it is your brothers who will come to your aid. On the marriage of your children, your brothers are called to hear the matter and to give their advice; when there is death your kin rally to your side. A widow is never faced with destitution; her husband's brother will care for her, and to-day, when, as among Christians, this sometimes entails help in training the children for a career, it is often a heavy liability. In working parties or when meal has to be stamped for beer-making, it is the relatives living near who are most relied upon for their help. A woman whose husband is in town depends on her male kin to help her in the yearly renewal of storage receptacles, hut-building and ploughing. She will, where possible, reward them with beer, but this is by no means always done. People like living near their kin. An elder and a younger brother, one living near Tzaneen, the other in Uulovedu, both died. Then the grown-up son of the younger brother called the wife and family of the elder brother to come and build near them, saying that the children of his *ramuhulu* would not know him if they lived so far away. Kinship, as we point out elsewhere, knits together the political system. But it is worth repeating that the kin are the core of the district and the bonds between districts; that, in general, the father's relatives live largely in the same district, the mother's or the wife's in some other area and visits and gifts of beer serve as an introduction to the districts in which they live; and that all the heads of districts, by virtue of having to send a daughter to 'marry' the queen, are linked to the capital by a kinship bond.

One would expect that, in a society like that of the Lovedu, with a strong sense of kinship obligations, the position of orphans would not be very different from that of other children. Yet the Lovedu feel the position of an orphan, any one wholly dependent on relatives for food and shelter, to be a peculiarly sad one. Hence the riddle, 'Little fountain full of muck', and its answer, 'The heart of an orphan'; hence also the proverb, 'It takes a woman with a generous heart to keep an orphan well'. The smoky side of a fire is called 'the side where orphans sit', and if you sit chin in hand, people always say, 'Why are you so sad? Are you an orphan?' Even old women, those skilled and inveterate beggars, think that a sure way of enlisting your sympathy is to plead that they are orphans with no one to give them things.

It is said that orphans have to do harder work than other children and have many a time to hear complaints that they eat too much. When the children of the house receive clothes as presents from relatives, the orphan gets little or nothing; and nowadays, while the children of the house may be sent to school, the orphan remains at home herding. None of our own personal contacts with orphans bore out these tales, and when we cited them as examples contradicting their statements, informants admitted that those cases did not bear out the general principle. Indeed, what impressed us most were the conscious efforts made,